THE PILGRIM

OF

OUR LADY OF MARTYRS

XIX YEAR. NOVEMBER, 1903. No. 11.

THE LAST OF THE HURONS.

WE have come now to the final act in the tragedy of the Huron Tribe. We have seen how they fled in all directions before the face of the conquering Iroquois, many of them perishing in the forests, while the survivors lost their identity by absorption in other tribes.

Sulte, in his *Histoire des Canadiens-Français*, thinks that, as a matter of fact, they were never capable of civilization. "The Jesuits," he says, "did good work in holding them as a bulwark against English aggression, but as for any religious result there was in reality nothing achieved."

To that the answer is that the Jesuits are not to be blamed for not giving them permanence and stability as a people if they were essentially incapable of it; but as for the religious results, there was at least something accomplished during those sixteen years of apostolic labor (and the period of time was not greater), during which so many were baptized or prepared for death, or who, after the dispersion, remained near the Christian settlements and were both civilized and Christianized.

The colony established near Quebec, on the Isle d' Orléans, did not last long. Even there they were in dread of the enemy; and some affiliated themselves to the Agniers, others to the Onondagas. Only 150, though Parkman says 750, remained near Quebec, and they camped close under the guns of the fort. The reason of the break-up is not hard to find. While they were at work in the fields the foe swept down on them, and in full view of the inhabitants of the town, were left to fight it out

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alone. Many were killed and others taken prisoners. The people wanted to go out to protect them, but the Governor wouldn't hear of it. No wonder the poor Indians decamped after that. The one hundred and fifty who had settled under the walls were a few years afterwards taken by Father Chaumonot to another settlement which was called Notre Dame de Foye, thence they shifted again to what is called Old Loretto, and subsequently to New Loretto, a wild country through whose dense forests the tortuous St. Charles flows.

The emigration to Notre Dame de Foye took place in 1667, after a treaty of peace had been made between the French and the Iroquois. The name of the settlement was given because of a statue sent by some Belgian Jesuits from a village called Ste. Foye near the town of Dinan. It was made of oak taken from a forest in which a miraculous statue had been found.

The reason for leaving Ste. Foye was not fear of the Iroquois, for that had ceased, but need of water, wood and more extended territory. So they went three miles further on, where water and wood were abundant. The new village was regularly laid out, with the houses grouped around a church made after the model of the Holy House of Loretto, in Italy. This old church has since been destroyed to give way to a more sumptuous edifice, which, while unfortunately doing away with a historic monument, is not so faithful in its details or dimensions as the primitive construction. Old Loretto, however, had to be abandoned for good reason, and in the beginning of the eighteenth century New Loretto was established.

New Loretto is ten miles from Quebec, but there are few traces now of the aboriginal red man. It is a French Canadian parish of three thousand souls. The country around is hilly ; and the waters of the St. Charles dark, like all the rivers that flow from among the northern pines, runs through the territory and in a pretty cascade leap into the plain below. On one side of the river are found what remains of the old inhabitants of the country. The houses are unlike those of their Canadian neighbors. They are mere sheds in rough timber, with low roof and wide doors. A bed at the side of the wall is usually the only furniture, and a hole in the roof lets the smoke

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escape. These reminders of former times still linger. The Indians number about sixty or seventy families, but there is but one man of pure blood among them all, and the old Indian peculiarities of face have in most of them disappeared or been largely modified, but, nevertheless, pure and half-breed alike, still clung to some old traditions, such as the war dress for great festivals. They are comfortable in their fashion and support themselves by making snow-shoes, moccasins, pipes, baskets, bead and feather ornaments, tomahawks, etc., which they sell to their neighbors or visitors. They all speak French, are civilized and are Christians and faithfully cling to the memory of their first apostles. In 1861, the official record shows them to the number of two hundred and sixty-one. Nevertheless, a recent writer solemnly announced the death of the last one of them in 1861.

CONSOLATRIX AFFLICTORUM.

MOTHER of all, but to the hearts that weep
  She turns in kindred sorrow ; once her Dead
Lay in her arms in white, unbroken sleep,
  The sweet lips hushed, the tender love unsaid ;
Once from her arms they bore Him to the tomb,
But left her heart within its bitter gloom.

So does she comfort all who kneel and pray,
  With breaking hearts, 'mid flowers and fresh-turned sod,
And whispers of that happy Easter Day
  When she beheld again her risen God ;
As we shall one day meet our long-lost dead,
The lips attuned to praise, the old love said.

AGNES E. SULLIVAN.

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AT THE HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

"YES, I am here for a purpose."

There was a ring of defiant faith in the words, and the speaker, Mary Carmelita, drew herself up a little, proudly. She was a "Perpetual Consecrate," that is, she had taken a vow to remain for life in the House of the Good Shepherd, wearing the habit and following the rule prescribed for penitents. Thus, hers was an incessant martyrdom; for the human *must* make itself felt while yet the mortal breathes, and constant submission, even to the kindest and gentlest authority, requires a supernal self-renunciation. I had learned to look with something akin to reverence upon this girl who, in her lowly vocation, evidenced so strongly the sustaining power of grace.

She was not beautiful in her picturesque habit; yet, had she worn the world's livery, she would have had been called a good-looking girl. There was also a certain natural haughtiness of manner habitual with her which, amid elegant surroundings, would have given her the air of a fine lady. Plainly she was one who *might have* scattered evil upon the pathway of others, who *might have* steeled her heart and deadened her soul until her ability to mar rivaled that of the most baleful character of fiction; yet (so wondrous the influence of religion!) she was an innocent penitent who had never done ill, and whose daily, trifling faults of pride or obstinacy must be condoned, because of the magnificent burden of sacrifice she carried so heroically.

Ada had wandered farther down the garden with Mother Teresa, and being alone with the mysterious Magdalen, I expressed my interest in her character and purpose.

"My dear," I said, "I know it was not an idle chance that brought you here. Providence having guided you, will also bestow upon you a most munificent reward."

Her countenance glowed and there was a slight quiver in her voice as she replied:

"One reward, one recompense only I wish for." Then pressing my hand, she added: "Listen, and I will tell you all; for oh! I need such prayers as yours."

Viewed from our rustic bench on the height, the convent

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was a dark red mass, half-hid by foliage; far below, at our feet, flowed the A——, a dusky, shallow stream, and the quickening breeze was redolent of clover and mignonette.

Mary Carmelita kissed her crucifix and raising her eyes to the faint, cloud-chased blue of the sky, continued:

"I am a native of our city. My father died before I knew him and my mother, at my earliest remembrance, kept a fashionable boarding house. She was a handsome woman, fond of fine dress. When I was about nine years old I discovered that she had a passion for drink. She would remain whole days locked in her room recovering from the effects of the poison and giving up the care of the house and of poor me to the servant. Well, as I grew older, I made up my mind to leave her. Little by little she had lost her fashionable boarders and they were succeeded by people dissipated like herself.

"Early one summer morning, I slipped out into the street. I was very childish and free in my ways and, meeting an old beggar woman, I carelessly tossed her the lunch I had carried from home. Her gratitude touched me and I told her my story. The dear old woman gave me this advice:

"'Ye're over young, Alanna, to work out, and sure ye can't run the streets. Go to that big house ye see there, ring the bell and ask the good sisters to take ye in.'

"I obeyed, out of curiosity and love of adventure, and have now been here ten years. Often and often I wanted to go out, for I knew I could push my way in the world, but some strange dread always kept me back, and then once a gray-haired missioner told me: 'Remain where you are. God doubtless has some design concerning you which you would frustrate if you returned to the world. Here you may grow a saint, but there I would not answer for your soul.'

"I knew he was right, and somehow a year ago I felt called on—and urged, even— deep down in my heart, to make my perpetual consecration as offering for poor mother. Long since I lost all trace of her whereabouts, but now every day gives me new hope. I do not regret my sacrifice, and though at times I grow despondent, desperate almost—I yearn so after the bright pleasant world—yet something within always whispers: 'Wait a little: you will have your reward.' And

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I believe it, and then it grows easy for me to speak kindly to my companions and obey the mistresses. The other consecrated children, too, are very good to me."

Her face had paled again and there was a far-away look in her eyes—some shadow, perchance, from the ethereal blue into which she had been gazing.

Ada now came up with three of the "Consecrates," who insisted on showing me their class-room which I had not seen for some time. It was tastefully, though plainly, furnished; the walls were tinted in pale gray, which contrasted while they harmonized, with the rich colors of the linoleum. I noticed a large bookcase, an upright piano and several etchings and engravings.

The children sang in chorus a soft sweet hymn to the Sacred Heart, and then Carmelita played Schumann's *Träumerei* with exquisite expression. It may have been the sublimity, mirrored mistily in the melody or photographed more clearly in the daily life of the player that caused these lines of Father Faber to recur to my mind:

"O Time! O Life! ye were not made
For languid dreaming in the shade;
Nor sinful hearts to moor all day
By lily isle or grassy bay;
Nor drink at noontide's balmy hours
Sweet opiates from the meadow flowers."

"I must hear you play again," I said, as we rose to go. "I did not know you were a musician. Let me congratulate you."

"I studied when I was little," was her reply, "and ever since I've been here Mother Teresa has insisted on practice. She said I need the help of music, and indeed it has helped me."

Circumstances prevented my again visiting the convent until several months had passed. Ada fell ill with typhoid, and when convalescent was ordered to the country. I accompanied my sister as nurse.

One bleak December afternoon found me conversing with Mother Teresa at the cloister grille. I inquired for M. Carmelita.

"The poor child has had a great shock and a great joy,"

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said the good religious. "Her mother had a most happy death, and, strange to say, in this very house. This is how it happened: In July last we received an application for admission from an inebriate, a Mrs. Wilson. She wrote that she felt a presentiment of impending death and wished to make her peace with God. The night she arrived several of the consecrated children were standing in the hall near the front entrance, among them our poor Carmelita. Mrs. Wilson passed close by the group in charge of Sister Mary of St. Gabriel, the mistress of the Reform Class. There was a shriek and a sudden fall. M. Carmelita had caught sight of her mother's face and fainted. When she recovered she asked to see Mrs. Wilson, and the meeting was most affecting. It seems the poor lady had gone on from bad to worse, until her health was completely wrecked. She had been unable to trace her daughter, the few letters Carmelita had written having given no clue to her address. One night she had a dream. She had retired early, sober, but thoroughly dispirited, knowing she could not long resist the force of the evil habit she had contracted. In her sleep she thought herself fettered by chains, unable to move hand or foot. A veiled figure approached and placed a gentle hand upon her shoulder. Looking up she recognized her long-lost daughter. 'Mother,' said the vision, 'why do you not pray? Why do you not pray?' Then, directing the eyes of the sleeper towards a large crucifix she carried in her hand, the white-robed figure vanished.

"On awakening Mrs. Wilson took the resolution to enter our House. As you know, the consecrated children do not mingle with the Reform Class; but the case being an extraordinary one, we permitted Mary Carmelita to spend much of her time with her mother, who was indeed fast sinking into decline. As the end approached the dear child remained with her night and day. Mrs. Wilson died in her arms. Since then our poor Carmelita is much changed. Vividly realizing the value of intercession and vicarious sacrifice, she now pleads almost incessantly for sinners, and, I am sure, renders herself very dear to God."

Of late this willing victim has shown symptoms of the dread disease consumption, and ere long the immolation will have

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ceased. She passes her time most cheerfully, helping with the mending, and only pausing in her work to render some sweet melody on the piano with soulful expression.

A week ago I was admitted to the cloister for Benediction. From my *prie-dieu* in the gallery I could see Carmelita. The old-time haughtiness seemed gone and her face now wore a look of patient meekness; her eloquent eyes were fixed on the Sacred Host; she seemed oblivious of earth, nay, already on the "golden ladder" that reaches onward, upward.

II.

Ada had fallen asleep over her books. Long golden curls, disarranged, floated loosely from her shoulders and the gentle face and graceful form might well have made a Raphael study. Sister-love throbbed quickly in my heart to pray that this dear one might long be spared the bitterness and pain that must, in some measure, enter every human life. Then memory framed another face, as sweet and fair as Ada's, which had been a familiar one a few years ago; and the thought of *her* love and what it meant to her and to the sister of her devotion elevated my hope beyond earthly ties of tenderness to the realm of the Divine.

Assumpta and Rita were sisters and inmates of the House of the Good Shepherd. The elder, Assumpta, was of rare beauty, with a manner engaging and refined. I remarked her on several of my visits to the class, and one day enquired who she was.

"She is a daughter of a prominent citizen of O——," was Mother Gabriel's reply. "Here, so many miles removed from her home, there is little danger of discovery. As you see, she is of a most lovely and loveable character. She came here only for her sister's sake (that dark-eyed child who is speaking to her) and, I hope, will soon return to her friends."

My interest was now thoroughly aroused, and I petitioned for further information. Mother Gabriel fingered her white rosary for a few minutes in silence, then resumed:

"They are much attached, these two sisters, although very different in temperament. Rita, so full of life and spirits is as self-willed as you could well imagine. When she was about fifteen, she determined to run away from home with some

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other giddy girls, her companions. Fortunately the truants were discovered after a few hours' absence, but Rita was hopelessly under the influence of liquor and her language to her father full of profanity. He determined to check her evil course at once, and arranged with us by telegraph. Rita had somewhat recovered before the train left P——, and, suspecting that she was going to be placed under surveillance, absolutely refused to go, saying she would call out her father's name and scream all the way. To conciliate the poor child and at the same time save her father further annoyance, Assumpta offered to accompany her sister, and, on their arrival entered the same class. No doubt it is all the ordering of Providence. Both had been reared Episcopalians, but Assumpta has already made her profession of faith and Rita is now under instruction."

"How poor Assumpta must have suffered!" I could not help exclaiming. "The associations of the class must be really agonizing to one of her disposition. Is she not a heroine!"

"Indeed she is," was the response. "Come back in half-an-hour, and I will give you an introduction. She is most unconscious of herself, and will readily tell you the story of her conversion."

At the appointed time, I again repaired to the class room. There were only a dozen girls present, the others being employed in the laundry. Mother Gabriel sat at a table, busily engaged in sewing. She beckoned Assumpta, who immediately dropped her embroidery and saluted me with courteous ease. I proposed a *tête-a-tête* on the terrace.

Very fragile and fair the young girl looked, in the dark-blue calico dress arranged with consummate neatness. From our elevated position we had a fine view of the garden beneath. I pointed out a bed of violets.

"How sweet they are," I said, "and so unassuming. I always long to translate them at once to the tabernacle. They seem just such things as might be precious to our dear Lord."

"Ah! they are favorites of yours," she replied, then, laughingly, "Have you heard my name? No. Well, then, it is Violet—Violet Marie, of course, since I have received holy

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baptism. But my class name, Assumpta, has grown dear to me, too, since it recalls the triumph of our Blessed Mother."

"Did you find it difficult to become a Catholic?" I asked. "But, no; I think grace just surrounded you and drifted you gently to the haven of the faith."

"Indeed, it was so, but oh! I suffered much ere the saving waters reached me."

A momentary expression of pain shot across her fine features and I would have hastily changed the conversation, but she went on confidingly:

"The first months I was here it seemed a horror to live in the class. At night I could not sleep, and, during the day sit at my work I could not. Time and time again, I had to withdraw to pace restlessly up and down here on the terrace, where no one would observe me. I felt I could not much longer bear the strain. Yet the future looked hopeless. Rita was as refractory as ever, and I knew my poor father was almost broken-hearted in our lonely home. My burden seemed intolerable. What ought I to do? I shrank from consulting others on such a painful subject, and the Sisters, passing their lives so happily here, how could *they* understand me! Abandon my sister I dare not, for, even then, I felt responsible for her soul. At length, a thought came to me. I had once heard a lady friend of papa's say: 'In the whole world, you will find no friend like a Catholic priest.' She was a staunch Presbyterian, yet held strongly Catholic views, so much so that she could reverence the Mother of Our Lord and venerate His images. Her words made a deep impression on me when I heard them, because of her lofty character. Now, in the hour of mental anguish, they recurred to me with a new force. I determined to go to Confession.

"It was not without misgivings that I entered the Confessional the following Saturday. However, it was such a relief to put into audible words the fears and perplexities that had tortured me that, long before I had finished, my mind had regained its calm. The kind father told me he quite understood my case, but that, as hasty decisions were often rash, he thought it best that we carefully consider the matter for a week. Dismissing me with his blessing, he said: 'Meantime, I would

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prescribe a little remedy, that you come to the chapel every day and pray and reflect for a short time. Be assured that here, in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, you will find peace.' I obeyed, and oh! the charm of these silent visits. I loved to find myself alone in the Children's chapel, with the little lamp, burning so brightly before the tabernacle, the only sign of life and movement. There was heaven in the very atmosphere, and gradually it grew on me that a hidden Heart was beating there and Divine Eyes were seeking mine. It was not so much faith; but the veil was lifted, I adored, and my anguish was at an end. When I returned to confession it was to say, 'Father, I believe in the Real Presence. I want to be a Catholic.' Since then I have had no difficulties. There was so much to be learned about my new and beautiful religion, and it opened such vast avenues of thought that the months have glided by unnoticed. But——" she paused suddenly, blushing deeply, "how I run on! All this cannot possibly be interesting to you."

"On the contrary, sweet Violet, I would like to gather a yet closer fragrance, if I might be so privileged. But Rita? Does she long to be a Catholic?"

"I hope much for my sister's future," she responded. "My only anxiety is that she be thoroughly instructed in the faith before we return home. Poor child! Had she always had the help of Sacraments, she would have grown up quite different. She is not to be blamed. We lost our mother years ago, and as I was papa's secretary, Rita was left far too much to herself, until, too late, we discovered our mistake."

It was maternal tenderness that shone from the eyes of this daughter of Mary. Fair type of the Immaculate, I thought, but I only said aloud:

"What do you think of the system of reform made use of by the nuns? Is it, after all, a success?"

"I am convinced," she replied, "that it is God's own work. No human mind could have devised a method at once so supernatural and so simple. Its results are sublime, all the more so because often they are hidden. The world does not dream of the great good accomplished in this house, which only the last day will reveal."

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HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

CATHOLIC MISSION IN BRITISH HONDURAS.

CHAPTER I.

WE propose to give a brief account of the rise and progress of the Catholic Mission in British Honduras, and as an introduction to our subject, we begin with a short descriptive and historical sketch of the Colony.

British Honduras is the only English dependency in Central America. It is situated between the parallels of 15° 53′ 55″ and 18° 29′ 5″ north latitude and between 80° 10′ and 89° 6′ 22″ west longitude. Its boundaries are on the north, the Rio Hondo, which divides it from Yucatan, on the south, the river Sarstoon, separating the Colony from the territory of Guatemala, on the east, the Caribbean Sea, and on the west, a line extending from the rapids of Gracias á Dios on the Sarstoon to Garbutt's Falls on the Belize or Old River, and thence due north to the Mexican frontier.

From Rio Hondo Bar to the Sarstoon River Bar is 180 miles. Within the land, the extreme length of British Honduras is 174 miles and its greatest width 68 miles. The area of the mainland together with the adjacent cays (islands) is about 7562 square miles. It is distant from England about 5700, from New Orleans 900 and from Jamaica 600 miles.

The coast line runs chiefly from north to south for some 250 miles, bending in at its north and south extremities, while a bulwark of cays, which are islands of greater or less size, some rocky, some of coral reef, others of mere earth covered with exuberant vegetation, very few being inhabited, lie east of the coast, in a more or less parallel line, at a distance of from three to five, to fifteen or twenty miles. They are close enough to each other to give the idea of a broken chain whose links are scattered in the sea, leaving a wide space open to form a magnificent harbor, unhappily too shallow to admit the big sea-

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faring vessels. There is also a long line of coral-reef running north and south for nearly the whole length of the Colony, at an average distance of ten miles from the coast.

Throughout the greater portion of the coast the land is flat and swampy but gradually rises as the interior is approached and at a moderate distance from the rivers are the numerous pine-ridges. The physical formation of the interior is distinctly different in the north and south. The northern part is but little raised above the sea, with the exception of here and there a few hillocks; whilst the soil is a vegetable mould and the sub-soil a stony marl. In the south the country becomes more elevated. A range of mountains starting near the Sibun river, runs nearly parallel to the coast at varying elevations, until in the Cockscomb Mountains it attains a height of nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. The prevailing geological type of the southern part of the Colony is tertiary; the soil is a clayey loam covered with rich black mould, and the sub-soil is of calcareous marl.

The numerous rivers which traverse British Honduras throughout, except in the south-west, form the natural highways of a country, which has not been yet opened by good roads. The chief of these are in the north, the Rio Hondo and New River; in the south, Monkey River, Deep River and the Sarstoon; and between, the Old River, Sibun, Manati, and Sittee Rivers; whilst other smaller streams afford the settlers living on their banks the convenience of transport and of communication with one another.

The population according to the census of 1891 was 31,471 of whom about two-thirds may be reckoned as Catholics and the rest as Protestants together with a few Pagans. The religion of the inhabitants of the Colony was not enumerated in the Census of 1881 or in that of 1891 but in 1871 it was given as follows:

Protestants 9,320; Roman Catholics 15,157; Heathens 68; not stated 165. Total 24,710.

The inhabitants are made up of many different races, the most numerous elements being English creoles, Spanish creoles, Indians and Caribs, each possessing a language of its

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own. English or Spanish are generally understood throughout the Colony. It was estimated that in the Census of 1891 the

Spanish and Indian element might be . .	14,300
Black and colored	13,800
Carib	2,500
Europeans 282 and Miscellaneous 589 . .	871
Total	31,471

The principal trade of the Colony is mahogany and logwood which are cut in the bush and exported to England where they realize, at present, mahogany from 3½ to 6 pence per foot, and logwood from £7 to £7.10 per ton.

The cocoanut flourishes in the islands and mainland of British Honduras, whilst the Sugar-cane, Bananas, Plantains, Coffee, Cacao, Yams, Cassava, Maize and Tobacco are all cultivated with more or less success.

Chapter II.

What is now known as British Honduras before the Spanish conquest formed part of a powerful empire embracing this country and the present Yucatan. Several caciques are said to have ruled the Peninsula under the control of the sovereign of Mayapan. The chief of these were the caciques of Capech, Choaca and Chacan. The monuments scattered over Yucatan show that they were well advanced in civilization ; whilst Columbus, in his voyage along the Honduras coast, found traces of their being above barbarism, in the copper knives and hatchets, pottery, and the woven and dyed garments worn by men and women alike.

British Honduras was first however discovered and visited by Pinzon and Juan Diaz in 1506, whilst sailing north from Puerto Cortes along our coast as far as the Bays of Chetumal, Espiritu Santo and Ascension. From 1517 to 1519 several Spanish captains, as Hernandez de Cordova, Juan de Guijalvo and Hernan Cortes, landed in Yucatan and fought against the Indians. Other adventurers tried to take possession of the south of Yucatan, but not till 1545 was the country conquered

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by Melchior Pacheco who built the town of Salamanca now called Bacalar.

In the meantime some English and foreign buccaneers, who were infesting the Caribbean Sea, sought a place of refuge from their enemies among the numerous islands and reefs of the Bay of Honduras. Among these was a celebrated buccaneer named Wallace, whose name as corrupted by the Spanish, is not unlike in pronunciation to Belize. From him the town and Colony is said to have taken the name.

But whatever may be the historical origin of the name,it is certain that after the conquest of Jamaica by Admiral Penn in 1655, England began to take a serious interest in this part of the world.

For several years previously, some English logwood cutters had been working at Cape Catoche, but as the supply of wood was nearly exhausted in that neighborhood, they came down into the Bay of Honduras, and selecting the site, where Belize now is, made it the centre of their work and began to build houses and warehouses here in 1662. The presence of these foreign wood-cutters in Spanish territory naturally aroused the jealousy of the Spaniards, and in many ways they sought to stop or restrict their work. In order to settle matters in a friendly way, it was agreed in the first treaty of Madrid, that in the event of a war between England and Spain, six months should be given to the British settlers in Honduras Bay before commencing hostilities against them.

The treaty of Paris may be considered as giving a legal existence to the Colony of British Honduras. Houses were built, the work was improved, the number of inhabitants increased and trade flourished.

In 1779 the Spanish Colonists were ordered by Don Roberto Rivas Betancourt, Captain-General of Yucatan, to destroy the English settlement, and, without any previous notice, they fell upon Cayo Cocina, (St. George's Cay) killed many of the inhabitants and took prisoners others, including women, whom they sent to Cuba, whilst a few escaped to the English ships and went to Jamaica, together with nearly all the Baymen, who were forced to leave the settlement. For five years Belize was abandoned.

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In 1783, by the treaty of Versailles, the Colonists were allowed to return to their settlements and to occupy Spanish territory between the Rio Hondo and the Belize River, to fish in the adjacent Cays, to cut logwood and to raise houses and warehouses.

September 10, 1798. On September 8, notice was received that a regular fleet of seventeen vessels, having on board 7,000 soldiers under the command of Captain-General O'Neill, was coming down from Campeche. The baymen prepared for a stout resistance. On the 10th of September the battle began; and after two days of fighting, they succeeded in forcing the flotilla to retire; and remained in full possession without any further disturbance. This splendid victory is considered now, as affording one of the strongest points in favor of the legal possession of British Honduras by England.

In 1826, England recognized the Independence of Mexico by a special treaty, but ill advisers have dissuaded the Mexican Senate from making a treaty as to the limits of the Colony as was done with Guatemala. Three events are worthy of record which have taken place in the latter half of the century:—

First the Insurrection of the Indians of Yucatan, which took place in 1849, and which affected the history of our Colony, on account of the large number of Yucatecans who fled over to British Honduras for refuge from their enemies. Their coming peopled the northern part of the Colony, which until then had been pure forest, whose solitude was hardly disturbed by the few wood-cutters.

The second event was the invasions made by the Indians of Chichanha in 1858 and by those of Icaiché in 1865, 67, 70 and 72, in which last the Indian chief Canul was killed.

The third was the gradual political raising of the Settlement, first into a Colony in 1861, then into a crown Colony in 1872 and lastly into a Colony independent of Jamaica in 1884.

Chapter III.

It was only in the beginning of the present century, in 1812, when the town of Belize had been regularly laid out and a systematic form of government organized, that the first Protes-

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tant church, St. John's, was erected at the Government expense together with the Rectory as a residence for its Minister. There were then very few Catholics in Belize. In Mullins River, however, a little village a few leagues south of Belize, there began to be formed a small settlement of Honduranean Catholics, who driven from Omoa during the war of Morazan had come to the Colony for a refuge and settled in that part of the coast.

1832. The first Catholic priest of whom we have any record was a Franciscan, called Fray Antonio, who came from Honduras in 1832, to settle among his countrymen in Mullins River. There he officiated and administered the Sacraments in the same dwelling house where he lived, and from time to time visited the very few Catholics who lived in Belize.

In 1836 he left the Colony, handing over his house to Father Rubio, who had just arrived from Bacalar. In 1837, this Father built the first Catholic chapel in Mullins River, which was much more like an Indian hut than a temple of God.

About 1840, two other Catholic priests, Fathers Sandoval and Rivas, came from Yucatan and established their residence in Belize, officiating in a provisional chapel on the south side of the town. Thence they visited other parts of the Colony for the benefit of the few Catholics, scattered over it.

The few Catholics living in Belize and the want of a permanent resident priest were the cause why no Catholic church had hitherto been built in the capital. But in 1848 when more than 7,000 Catholics came over from Bacalar, driven out by the Indians, there was seen the necessity of having a Catholic church and a resident priest to serve it.

1850. Things were in this state, when, in the year 1850, some Jesuit Fathers found themselves passing through Belize on their way to Jamaica. The Catholics of the place were very glad to see the Fathers amongst them and to receive from them the helps of religion, which they stood so much in need of. They begged them earnestly to have pity on so many Catholics who were in complete abandonment and to remain in Belize. Not being able to accede to their prayers because they were destined for another place, they promised

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them, that when they arrived in Jamaica they would speak in their favor with the Vicar Apostolic of that Island, in order that one or two Catholic priests might be sent, as soon as possible, as resident Missioners in the Colony.

At that time, there was in Jamaica the Rev. Benito Fernandez, a Franciscan, who, having since 1822 labored alone among the Catholics of the Island under the direction of the Vicar Apostolic of Trinidad, had been, by a special arrangement of Propaganda, raised to the dignity of an independent Vicar Apostolic since 1837.

Before this date, all the Catholics in the English West Indies colonies were under the charge of a sole Vicar Apostolic, resident in Trinidad. But, as it is almost impossible for all to communicate with so distant a centre, at the instance of the same Father Benito, the Congregation of Propaganda had since 1836 divided the Vicariate of Trinidad; and, restricting this to the island of Trinidad, added the Vicariate of British Guiana and that of Jamaica, which comprised also British Honduras. Of this third Vicariate, the said Father Benito Fernandez was named Vicar Apostolic by Brief of Gregory XVI, 10th of January, 1837. Two Jesuit Fathers were sent there in the year following, as fellow-workers in his apostolic labors, Father Eustace DuPeyron and Father William Cotham, an Englishman. To these were added others, who came successively from Europe, and at the period, to which we refer, the year 1850, four Fathers had joined the first pioneers, Father DuPont, a Frenchman, and Fathers Joseph Bertolio, George Avvaro and Alexis Simonel, Italians. When the Vicar Apostolic had been informed of the state of abandonment in which so many thousand Catholics were living in British Honduras, which was an integral part of his Vicariate, he determined to come in person to visit the Colony and to see what could be done in their favor.

In 1851, then, he set out from Jamaica, in company with Father DuPont, and arrived in August, 1851, to the very great joy of the Catholics. They received hospitality in the house of Don Domingo Martinez, a Yucatecan merchant, who was at that time looked on as the head of the Catholic Yucatecans.

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For two months Father Benito remained administering the Sacraments, preaching and seeking how to form a Catholic Mission in British Honduras. When he had well thought out his plan, he returned to Jamaica, after giving them a sure promise that in a few months he would send them from Jamaica missioners who would be devoted exclusively to the Colony.

The year had not ended, when in December, Father Eustace DuPeyron arrived having all the necessary powers and instructions to raise the first church and residence in Belize.

In 1852 Father Bertolio and a schoolmaster, by name Henry Trumbach, came from Jamaica. As soon as the work was finished Father DuPeyron blessed with much solemnity the first Catholic Church of Belize, which being wholly of mahogany and of elegant construction, was considered one of the best buildings in the town. The lower part served as a school and the first teacher began with a numerous Catholic school. A small house adjacent to the Church was the dwelling-house of the Fathers and schoolmaster, and thus formed the first residence of the Jesuit Fathers in the Colony.

In March, 1853, came, as Superior of the Mission, Father George Avvaro, together with Father DuPeyron to install him, bringing with them as schoolmistress for the girls, Mrs. Rose Trumbach, the mother of the teacher of the boys.

Father Avvaro began his career as Superior by assisting the cholera-patients of Belize. In January, 1854, the cholera entered the town, and carried off more than 100 Catholics of the Capital, beginning with Mr. Domingo Martinez, their chief head. Great was the charity shown by the Fathers during the three months of public calamity. By night and day, the two were to be found at the bedside of the sick, consoling them, hearing their confessions, administering the last Sacraments and accompanying their dead bodies to the cemetery, which had been expressly opened for those who died of the cholera. Not only Catholics but Protestants and Pagans were edified at seeing the sacrifices made by the Catholic Fathers during the epidemic. It gained them the sympathies of the colonists in general. A new help came to Father Avvaro,

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who was almost worn out by his labors during the cholera, in the person of Father Benedict Picardo, an Italian. His coming seemed opportune to extend the apostolic work outside the Capital, and to begin with Corozal.

1856. Everything made them hope a further increase in the new Mission, when in the night of the 17th of July, 1856, some incendiaries animated with a diabolical spirit, set fire to some houses to the north of the town of Belize. In a few hours the fire took possession of all the north side of the town, destroying in its flames all the houses, including the Church and Residence of the Fathers.

CHAPTER IV.

In April, 1858, the Vicar Apostolic blessed the new Church and re-established the Residence and the School on a better footing than before. The buildings were of brick, except the Residence which for want of funds had to be made of wood.

In 1862, Father Pieschacon on account of ill health had to return to Spain, his native land; and Father Eugene Biffi, an Italian secular priest, (now Bishop of Carthagena), having been expelled from New Granada and passing through Belize, saw the difficulties the Fathers had in carrying on the Mission, and offered himself to work amongst them as an auxiliary. This proposal was accepted with general satisfaction; for his excellent qualities had already endeared him to them. During the five years that he was in the Colony, he learned the Maya dialect perfectly, and was a true apostle to the Indians, especially to those on the River Belize. As he had given himself to studying architecture and carpentering, he was very useful in promoting the material works of the Mission. To him we owe the two side-altars of the Cathedral, and the residence and Church, which was built in Stann Creek, a settlement in the south among the Caribs. This knowledge of Maya gave him a great ascendancy over the Icaiché Indians, whom he went to visit different times, and when in 1866, they would have made a raid into the Colony, he and Father Avvaro were sent by the Government as messengers of peace to bring about a friendly settlement with them.

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In this same year (1862) Father John Genon, a native of Belgium, fixed his residence in Punta Gorda, and there built the first church among the Caribs of the Colony. By Caribs we do not now mean descendants of the ancient Indian cannibals, whom Columbus speaks of as having met in his first voyage to the Island of Jamaica, but a new race of negroes, who came from the isle of St. Vincent, driven thence by the English in 1796, and who took refuge, first in the island of Ruatan, and thence passed over to the Central American continent.

Father Peter Brindisi, who came in 1866, was by nationality a Greek and belonged to the Sicilian Province. His coming gave a great impulse to forwarding the Mission. Naturally endowed with eminent bodily and mental gifts, he was from the beginning, on account of his eloquence, his pleasant and interesting conversation and above all, on account of his firm character and ardent zeal for souls, entrusted by his Superior with the giving of Missions throughout the Colony. He began his apostolic work in Belize, and thence he extended it, first to the north and afterwards to the south, and with results which were truly wonderful. According to records left in the Registers, marriages of persons who had been for years living publicly in concubinage can be counted by hundreds among the various towns and villages, who came to the Sacrament of Penance with tears in their eyes. Sinners, who had grown hardened in vice, presented themselves in the Church in the garb of penance, long-continued enmities were healed, evil customs reformed, drunkenness exterminated; and in order that the fruit of this work might be lasting, congregations were everywhere formed of the Blessed Virgin of the Rosary for women, of the Blessed Sacrament for men or of St. Louis for children—which until this day remain with more or less regularity throughout the Colony. When he had finished his Missions, he took up his residence, in accordance with the dispositions of his Superior, in Stann Creek, where since the year 1867 had been raised, under his direction and that of Father Biffi, the first church in that place, and a handsome residence for the Fathers.

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The Fathers were going on in their work, each one laboring in one of the four Residences which had been already established, when an apostate Spaniard, who had taken on himself the character of Wesleyan Minister, came to disturb the religious peace of our Catholics.

Father Brindisi had but little trouble in confuting the errors of the new Minister and after having defeated him completely in Corozal, he followed him to Consejo, Sarteneja and at last to Belize. With the exception of some few, who on account of their bad lives could not be reconciled to the Church, and remained for a time in Wesleyanism, (and yet in the end came back to their old faith), the great number recognizing that they had been deceived returned repentant to their religion. The storm lasted two years, until the apostate showed his inconstancy by giving up Wesleyanism, to become an Anglican, and so ended by discrediting himself completely.

Chapter V.

1869. On the 18th of January, Father Salvador Di Pietro (who after a few months was to take charge of the Mission, as Father Avvaro had tendered his resignation), and Bro. Mark Quinn from Ireland, (who came to be the teacher in charge of the Belize Public school), left Europe.

They received a hearty welcome from Father Avvaro, and a few days afterwards, the Brother was installed in the Public School with only twenty children. Father Di Pietro remained in the Residence, to divide with the other Fathers their apostolic labors.

1870. On the 10th of February, a small expedition of missioners composed of four Fathers—Fathers Genon, L. d'Hont, A. Loontjens, Francis X. Jeckel—a nun, a schoolmaster and a gardener, arrived from Belgium for the Caribs of the Coast.

The Vicar Apostolic, Father DuPeyron, on account of his shattered health, renounced his dignity; and Father Joseph Woollett, S.J., of the English Province, took his place with the title of Pro-Vicar Apostolic.

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Chapter VI.

1874. As soon as Rev. Father Pittar had taken charge of the Mission, after having visited all its houses and churches, being now well acquainted with the needs of its peoples, and especially with their extremely poor state, he wrote to the Superiors in England and showed them the sore straits in which the Fathers were and the need of funds to settle the Mission on a more solid basis. The Superiors were very generous in acceding to his demands. They began by helping him with the alms which they had received for poor missions, which they applied to that of British Honduras.

1875. With this money the new Superior from the beginning was enabled to raise a church and a house at Orange Walk. Thus the northern Mission was divided into two, leaving the people of the coast in charge of the Residence of Corozal whilst another Residence was established on the New River at Orange Walk, (the head of the Department), to which were aggregated all the people living on the New River and the River Hondo, under the direction of the indefatigable Father Parisi.

1876. In the January of this year came two new Fathers, Father Henry Gillet and Father Joseph Smallwood. The first was appointed to take charge of the school in Corozal, the second remained in Belize in company with the new Superior. For many years, there had been the wish to put on a better footing the parochial school at Corozal, which for want of an efficient master had made very little progress. As soon as Father Henry took charge of it, he joined together in one the two little schools of boys and girls, which existed at that time, and the school began to make progress.

1877. In this year came the Rev. Manuel Lloidi, a Spaniard. After having fought in the ranks of the Carlists in Spain and directed one of those guerrilla bands, which gave so much trouble to the Alfonsists, he withdrew from military life, and was sent on one of the West Indian Missions by the Cardinal Penitentiary, as a penance which he voluntarily

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accepted for having taken up arms, an act unbecoming a Catholic priest.

One of the memorable events of the Mission was the coming of the English Provincial, Father James Jones in September of this year.

1878. On the 10th of January, the new Vicar Apostolic, Very Reverend Father Thomas Porter, paid his first visit to Belize.

Furthermore the coming of the first Catholic Colonial Secretary, the Hon. Henry Fowler, helped on the Mission. For, being a practical and fervent Catholic, he was placed at the head of all their undertakings, and by his good example and edifying words, gave a great impulse to the progress of Catholicity in the Mission.

Chapter VII.

The Indians of Icaiché form a part of all those Maya Indians, who were the former inhabitants of Yucatan. Living to the west of our frontier and separated from our Colony only by the River Hondo and Blue Creek, they make up a quasi-independent tribe, which is subject only to the Mexican Government. Since 1845, by one of the insurrections of castes, the Yucatecan Indians had withdrawn themselves from subjection to the whites, because they had been badly treated by them. After many sanguinary combats carried on throughout the whole Peninsula, they remained in possession of the South of Yucatan, forming together with the Indians of Santa Cruz and Chichanhá a formidable body. In the course of time, after having many times fought among themselves on account of jealousy between their chiefs, at last the Icaiché Indians separated themselves entirely from the other two tribes and wished again to subject themselves to the federal government of Mexico. Since this time they have remained masters of the south-west of the Peninsula, living subject to a kind of Indian rule under a chief, whom they themselves choose for life, with the title of General, keeping however a certain subordination to the supreme government of Mexico.

Since the time of their separation, they have had two chiefs.

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The first was Marcos Canul, of a half savage character and much given to fighting, who several times made inroads into the Colony, and the second, the present Tamai, of a peaceful disposition, and who since the death of Canul in 1872, has always held pacific relations with the Colony.

As all these had been members of the Catholic religion before their revolt, they belonged to the bishopric of Merida; but, after the war, they remained in fact entirely separated from it. Those of Icaiché became entirely schismatic, under an Indian whom they call "Father," who makes them believe that he does all according to the Catholic Rite. Those of Icaiché, just as they kept their political dependence on the supreme government of Mexico, so they continued to depend in the ecclesiastical order upon the Bishop of Yucatan. Nevertheless their distance from the ecclesiastical centre, (nearly 800 miles), left them in an almost abandoned state and, as they are living in the immediate neighborhood of our Colony, they come now and then for Baptisms and other Sacraments, and beg our Fathers from time to time to come and visit them in their own territory, which is distant about 100 miles by road through the bush.

Several times the Bishop of Merida, to whose jurisdiction they belong, has given faculties to our Missioners to administer to them the Sacraments; but bad roads and the small number of priests, hardly enough for our own work, made these visits outside the Colony hard to undertake, and the visits of Father Biffi were the last, until 1878, when Father Pozzi, who had been accustomed to long journeys in the forest, went. Great was the joy of the Indians, when they saw a priest appear among them after so long an absence, and very abundant was the spiritual fruit gathered among them. Almost all, after long instruction, received the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. More than seventy children were baptized, and as many more marriages were made of persons who were living together unlawfully, including the same General. All were well instructed in the principles of religion, which they had half forgotten, during the three weeks in which the Father resided among them; after

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which, to the very great grief of the poor Indians, he had to return, but under the solemn promise of coming back at the latest in the following year.

1880. As there was no longer the monthly communication by Steamship between British Honduras and Jamaica, direct communication with the Vicar Apostolic was also broken off, and for this reason it became necessary to communicate to the Superior of the Mission the faculty of administering the sacrament of Confirmation. So the matter was put before the Congregation of Propaganda by the same Vicar Apostolic. His petition was granted, and Rev. Father Di Pietro, having received the faculty of giving Confirmation, began in January, 1880, a general visit of the Colony, in order to administer the said sacrament. More than four months were employed by the Father in visiting all the little places where Catholics were living, as it is difficult for them to leave their abodes in order to receive the Sacraments. More than a thousand received Confirmation, as this was the first time that these small settlements had the opportunity of being confirmed in their own chapels.

Chapter VIII.

1883. Father Di Pietro had been again named Superior of the mission.

The 20th of January was a memorable day in the history of the Mission on account of the coming of the Sisters of Mercy, from New Orleans.

The Catholics were overjoyed at their coming whilst others were struck by the novelty of their appearance, yet received them kindly. As they wore a black veil in front of their faces, some of the colored people were thinking that they had no face until the wind blew aside their veils, when some were heard to cry out in wonder "See, see they have faces."

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MISSION NOTES.

RE-ESTABLISHING THE CHINESE MISSIONS.

Bishop Maquet, S J., Vicar Apostolic of South-eastern Che-li, in China, writes to the *Missions Catholiques* (October 9), that nearly all this mission's works destroyed by the Boxer outbreak have been re-established. All the year there has been peace in this mission, and the fruits of the persecution have been gathered. The faith of the converts is stronger, and there is a decided movement amongst pagans towards the Church. There have been 11,138 baptisms, of which 2,583 were baptisms of adults and 1,726 of children of Christian parents. This gives an increase of 2,033 baptized persons over those of the preceding year, and of 6,826 children of pagan parents who were baptized at the hour of death; 5,948 children, of whom 1,450 were not Christians when they entered, are taught in 455 schools. There are 195 schools, with 2,334 children, more than there were at the time of the last report. In the two seminaries there are 54 students, and in three colleges for teachers and Catechists there are 270 students. In two novitiate schools there are 90 young women who have offered themselves for mission work. These are called Apostolic Virgins, and are very much the same as members of a Religious Order. There are two superior schools of French and sciences, with 40 students. During the year 19 churches have been constructed, 34 chapels and 90 oratories, with presbyteries and schools. There remain, says this Apostolic missionary, only 194 posts to be provided for.

IN MACEDONIA.

It is a blood-stained road, writes a Catholic missionary in Macedonia, that will lead the Bulgarian insurgents to independence. Their blood is flowing in torrents—the blood of men who, with extraordinary disregard of life, struggle with an enemy a hundred times more numerous than they; but the blood of women and children, also, upon whom the foe wreaks his savage vengeance, or who died of hunger amid their burned harvests and the ruins of their flame-swept villages. Every evening the mountains which hem in the vast plain are all aflame. That horizon of fire is the Christian villages which are burning. Every day the men meet the enemy. Many have fallen and

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many fled. Then, among the helpless ones remaining, the horrors are indescribable. The burning cabins bury in their ruins all that the families possessed. The cattle are slaughtered; the crops, heaped up before the homes, light with their volumes of flame the sinister spectacle. The bread of the whole year is destroyed. During all this time the pillage of the soldiers is unrestrained: there is no horror of which they are not guilty. The last outrages are committed on the women, and even on little girls. Death often ends those bloody outrages. Every day is filled with calamities. Like tearful spectres wander the women who have escaped the horrible hecatomb, the destroying flames, the steel of the military hordes. They weep in silence for their husbands slain, their homes in ashes, all that they loved departed. Macedonia is dying of hunger: starving orphans encumber the roads and pathways. Many of these are Catholics. They are fellow-Christians who implore our pity. While all Europe washes its hands of this slaughter of a whole people, it is the duty of Christian charity to come to the aid of our brethren in Macedonia.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN JAPAN.

Father Maternus, O.S.B., gave in *The Tablet* of February 21, the following more exact details about Japan:

The population is 46,450, 911. The Catholics were, in 1902, 56,321, with 8,000 Catechumens (under instruction). There are 355 Catholic mission stations, 151 churches and chapels, 1 archbishop and 3 bishops, 117 European priests and 34 native, 265 catechists, 3 seminaries, with 36 students, 37 schools, with 3,748 pupils, 19 orphanges, with 1,464 inmates, 14 industrial and technical schools in which 349 persons are instructed, 17 drug stores for the poor, and 7 hospitals and asylums. There are 4 Religious Orders of men, with 71 members, and 6 Orders of women, with the same number of members, in 27 houses.

Two years ago the report of the Protestant missions stated that 37 Protestant forms of Christianity at work in Japan had made 40,000 converts. *A few months* afterwards 110,000 were reported; *a little later* 130,000; and *now*, we are told, that there are 140,000.

THE CATHOLIC MARONITES OF LEBANON.

The non-Catholic American missionary, Rev. Dr. Peters, thus speaks of the Maronites of Lebanon in the New York *Evening Post*, of May 2:

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"The Lebanon, it will be remembered, is a province with partial autonomy in the midst of Turkish territory, founded after the massacres of 1860, over which the European Powers exercise a certain supervision. The Governor must always be a Christian and the province has its own constabulary and military force. What this partial release from Turkish misrule means the traveller realizes the instant he crosses the border in the greater prosperity of the country. In manliness and independence also the people of the Lebanon contrast most favorably with their kinsfolk on the Turkish side of the line; men and women alike greet you in an open, friendly way, but with a manifestation of independence and self-respect which is both pleasant and impressive.

"The Maronite priests still play a most important part in the Lebanon, and in comparison with any European country it would probably be said that the people are priest-ridden. This comes from the historical fact that since the Mohammedan conquest the nations have been dependent upon their churches. It is the ecclesiastical heads of the subject nations through whom the Turkish Government deals with the peoples of those languages and faiths. This has naturally given the priests a position in relation to the people which they do not occupy elsewhere. On the other hand it has been the means of conserving nationality and patriotic feeling. With the progress of education I am informed that the people show an increasing inclination to assert themselves against the priests, a result which must in the end prove advantageous to both Church and State.

"Driving up the coast of the Lebanon to visit Jebail, the ancient Gebal or Byblos, I found that the country had changed considerably. The villages were full of new houses with red-tiled roofs. Later, I observed, the same conditions in that part of the province of Lebanon behind Sidon, where the villages had doubled or trebled in size and showed manifest evidences of increased prosperity. Everywhere when I asked: 'What is the cause of this? To whom do those houses belong?' the answer was: 'It is American money. They made their money in America.'"

AN IRISH BISHOP FOR SIERRA LEONE.

The Holy See has appointed the Most Rev. Dr. O'Gorman, of the Society of the Holy Ghost, to the newly-formed Bishopric of Sierra Leone, writes the *Freeman's Journal*, of the 15th inst. Dr.

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O'Gorman is a very young bishop, being only thirty-seven years of age He was born in Hacketstown, County Carlow, in 1866. He was educated in Blackrock College, and was one of the many brilliant students who won distinction for Blackrock in the early years of the Intermediate. At the completion of his literary course he went to Paris to study philosophy and theology. He was an ardent student of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas; indeed, he was credited by his class-fellows with knowing the "Summa" by heart. Ordained priest in 1890, he was immediately appointed Professor of Theology and Scripture in the Mother House of his Society. In 1896 he was sent to the United States to found and direct a House of Studies for the students of his Society in that province. From his quiet retreat in Cornwells, near Philadelphia, he has just been called to found and govern a bishopric on the west coast of Africa. The mission of Sierra Leone has for many years been entrusted to the Society of the Holy Ghost. The mission developed rapidly under the late Father Browne, and its works are sure to get a new impetus under the vigorous direction of its brilliant young bishop. Only a few years ago another Blackrock student was appointed Bishop of Zanzibar, on the east coast of Africa.

ANNALS OF THE SHRINE.

Father Jogues' Anniversary.

It was a dreary day when, on the 17th of October, a solitary pilgrim wended his way to the Shrine of Auriesville on the eve of the anniversary of the death of Father Jogues. It is too late in the season (for it is uncomfortable near November) to expect a throng to come for what nevertheless ought to be the greatest festival at the Shrine. This year especially, the weather was more than usually unpropitious. Great floods had devastated the valley, and the Mohawk River a few days before, formed a vast lake stretching uninterruptedly from the tracks of the West Shore to those of the New York Central, only the branches of the trees indicating the line of the lowlands that stretch for miles along the river banks of either shrine. Schoharie creek was swollen as the ancient inhabitants had never seen it before. The great aqueduct bridge was even threatened with destruction by the roaring torrent that rose almost to the parapet and

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threatened to break over it into the river beyond. Huge trees had been swept from the stream blockading the passage through the arches of the bridge and forcing the water back on its course till it gathered in volume and swept over the high wall built on the eastern side of the creek. It entered the canal further down, and then escaped into the Mohawk over the low land below the lock at Fort Hunter. The solitary traveller on arriving at Tribes Hill plodded through the intervening mud between the station and the Suspension bridge that spans the Mohawk, until he arrived at the towpath of the canal which had to be travelled when you come to the Central to reach the Shrine. The canal had been wrecked further down by the flood and for miles one could see lines of boats that had lain there for over a week unable to proceed on their course. An unusual sight was a magnificent steam yacht which had been caught on its way from the lakes and presented a somewhat incongruous spectacle among its surroundings of hay and lumber barges. Passage along the towpath was slow and inconvenient owing to the fact that the canal boats had thrown out bridges to the banks thus considerably diminishing the narrow pathway which was already unpleasant enough with its half a foot of mud. Amid torrents of rain the Shrine was at last reached, but how different it was from the country around. The storm had done it no harm. The well-made roads were as dry as if the water only moistened their surface. There was no wreckage anywhere. Even the young trees still retained their many colored foliage; the dome of the Pieta was as bright almost as if the sun were shining upon it; through the glass screen which protects the statue the figures of our Lord and His Blessed Mother looked out on the hill; the chapel was closed, as was the little shrine at the end of the path, but in spite of the rain and the clouds and the cold it was pleasant to find one's self there even if there were no one else present to share the happiness. The ravine had kept all the beauty of its park-like appearance, and although the stream had swollen considerably during the storms of the week it had passed under the bridge and had done little or no harm to them or to the banks. Part of the wall of the creek near Shulls' farm was torn away, but it was soon repaired.

The eighteenth was a Sunday this year, and the priest who was the pilgrim of the day before waited the arrival of the late train, but only one other pilgrim came; he was from Albany

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and he almost always comes. The rain had ceased but the wind was blowing fiercely and cold over the hilltop as a little group gathered on the old shrine and shivered while they assisted at the Holy Sacrifice; that was all the anniversary was this year. Perhaps later on when accommodations are better and access easier the 18th of October will be the great day at the Shrine of Auriesville.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SHRINE.

E. L., New York, N. Y.	$1.00
M. K., Pittsburg, Pa.	2.00
M. C. M., Switzerland, S. C.	1.00
Anon.	2.00
L. D. H., Richmond, Va.	1.50
M. O'C., Bayville, N. Y.	1.00
Anon.	10.00
M. K., Brooklyn, N. Y., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00

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